

SCOOP THE CUB REPORTER



It Takes a Slip on a Banana Peel to Jar Loose a Thought



Butler Theatre

THE POPULAR LITTLE PLAYHOUSE

Up-To-Date Motion Pictures

MATINEE EVERY AFTERNOON

1.30 and 2.30 p. m.

Entire Change of Program EVERY EVENING

Admission - 10c

Evening Performances Commence at 7 o'clock.

PHYSICIANS

DR. ROBERT O'NEAL

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OFFICE - STATE BANK BLDG

Hours: 10 to 12 a. m. - 2 to 4, 7 to 8 p. m.

Residence: Edwards and Oddie Streets.

PHONE 292 and 293

DR. P. D. McLEOD

State Bank Building

Rooms 414-415

R. FRED BROWN

STOCK BROKER

All Southern Nevada Stocks

bought and sold on San

Francisco, Philadelphia Ex

Changes and New York Curb

111 Main Street

TONOPAH, : : : NEVADA

The Cobweb

STATE BANK BLDG.

We handle the Best Wines,

Liquors and Cigars.

7-Year Old

Lacey Whisky

Returns by wire received on all

important sporting events.

The Cobweb

JOHN MANION, NICK ABLE-

MAN, Props.

Tonopah & Tidewater

Railway

The Short Line to

LOS ANGELES

Thru Sleeper

from Goldfield

Leave Tonopah - 8:36 a.m.

Arrive Los Angeles - 8:55 a.m.

Fast Freight Service

D. ASPLAND, General Agent,

H. I. GILSTRAP, Frl. and Pass. Agt.,

116 E. Ramsey St., Goldfield,

Nevada

Mizpah Hotel

Modern hotel where every reason

able tariff prevails. HOT AND

COLD RUNNING WATER IN EACH

ROOM. Rooms with or without

private baths; single or en suite.

COMMERCIAL RATES

SALOON, POOL

- AND -

BILLIARD PARLOR

SAM UMIS, Mgr.

BUDWEISER

Draught and Bottled

SPECIALTIES—Old Crow and

Belmont Blue Grass Whiskies.

All Standard Brands Cigars.

Pay Day Checks Cashd

Wittenberg Warehouse &

Transfer Company

Exclusive Agents

FOR

Genuine Rock

Springs Coal...

H. E. EPSTINE

Stock Broker

ESTABLISHED 1905

Southern Nevada Securities

bought and sold on San Fran-

cisco and Philadelphia Stock

Exchanges and New York Curb.

MAIN STREET

H. H. BACON

REAL ESTATE

SOME OF OUR BEST BAR-

GAINS

FOR SALE

3 room house and double

corner lot, only \$200.00

6 rooms, furnished, cor-

lot, Bryan Ave.; only \$750.00

National Cash Register \$30.00

6 room home, furnished,

corner lot \$1100

Payments

And several small snags.

FOR RENT

2 room cottage, furnished,

close in \$22.00

Parlor, stone room, ground

floor, light and water in-

cluded \$15.00

1 room adobe cabin, fur-

nished, close in \$10.00

6 room house, furnished \$35.00

When Going to

Goldfield

Meet your friends and make

your home at the

CALIFORNIA BEER HALL

FUETSCH BROS., Props.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

TONOPAH GIPSY QUEEN MIN-

ING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of busi-

ness, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Tonopah, Nye Coun-

ty, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a

meeting of the Board of Directors,

held on the 12th day of February,

1914, an assessment (No. 3) of one

(1) cent per share was levied upon

the capital stock of the corporation,

payable immediately in United States

gold coin, to the Secretary, at the

office of the Company, room 265 Rans

Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assess-

ment shall remain unpaid on the 25th

day of March, 1914, will be delinquent

and advertised for sale at public auc-

tion, and unless payment is made be-

fore, will be sold on Wednesday, the

25th day of April, 1914, to pay the

delinquent assessment, together with

the cost of advertising and expenses

of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors:

CHARLES D. OLNEY, Sec.

Office, room 265 Rans Building,

San Francisco, California. F28-M26

No trouble to get anything in the

world with a Bonanza want ad.

THE "WAUGH KID" DOES A SOO-CIETY STUNT

One afternoon last week as I was

coming off shift, I met at the Mizpah

hotel corner one of Tonopah's well-

to-do business men who halted me

with:

"I want to talk with you."

Now I had known this particular

gentleman for some time, although

my acquaintance was extremely

slight, and while I was surprised,

I was at the same time delighted

with his familiarity.

"Say, how wide is the ledge up

there where you are working?" he

asked in a sort of confidential tone.

"Oh, about six feet," I replied.

I don't know just why I said six feet

unless it happened to be that I was

thinking of the "Boarding House" who

calls me at 6 every morning.

"Six feet—good; if they have six

feet that stock ought to go to two

dollars!" he exclaimed and beat it

off in the direction of a broker's of

fice.

Some one had evidently given him

a bum steer, as there was absolutely

no signs of any ledge where I hap-

pened to be working, and if there

were I should not, in all probability,

have informed him. The physical

condition of a mine is a matter of

very little consequence to us tramp

miners. We are far more concerned

about the temperature of the "foot

wall" and whether or not the "hang-

ing" leans toward the boardinghouse.

A few days afterward I again met

the gentleman at the same time and

place, wearing one of those smiles

that would not come off.

"Say, kid," he said as I approached

him, "I want to thank you for that

tip you gave me; I made a nice lit-

tle clean-up on that stock."

"By the way," he continued, "my

wife wanted me to ask you up to

dinner this evening. We have a young

lady from Philadelphia visiting us.

Her dad is one of the big moguls in

the Belmont and if you should hap-

pen to make the right kind of an im-

pression thereby winning out, the

old gentleman might fix you up with

a pretty good job."

Did I accept? Well, I should

worry. He told me where he lived

and how to find his house, and in-

cidentally remarked, as he was leav-

ing, "Don't forget your 'full dress'

and patent leathers."

"Sure not," I replied with joy, and

beat it in the direction of my board-

ing house. When I arrived at the

"hash foundry" I threw down my

"Pedro tobacco lunch can" and start-

ed up the street to get a real bar-

ber's shave, hair cut, etc., and also

borrow a full dress suit.

As I was nearing the postoffice I

met Billy Douglas coming down the

street. I didn't know Billy very well,

but having heard a fellow in the

mine say that Billy was one of the

kind who would give his shirt away if

some one asked him, I got brave

and tackled him.

"Why, my boy, I never even wore

a white collar but once and that was

when I was married, much less a full

dress suit," he said, as he took out

"the makin'" and rolled a "brain

pill."

"See Ed Erickson; he has

three or four and they'd just about

fit you."

I thanked Billy, but as I did not

know Mr. Erickson I passed up the

idea of swelling up in a dress suit

and decided to wear my mail order

black, which cost me \$6.66 two years

ago.

I then dropped into the cosy Cen-

tral barber shop to get the men-

tioned shave. They gave me a

hair cut, shave, massage and sham-

poo and ended it with a liberal dose

of hair tonic, which made me smell

like a real "super."

Wishing to be on time, I arrived

at my friend's home at half past 5,

which I afterwards learned was about

an hour too soon. I did not mind

the wait, however, for he invited me

into his library where I smoked his

two-bit cigars and read the Bonanza

while he dressed for dinner.

In about a half hour my friend re-

appeared in company with his wife

and the young lady, whereupon intro-

ductions were in order. His wife

seemed to have a grouse on and

greeted me with a most dangerous

look, while the young lady really

seemed pleased at having met me.

Talk about chickens—she was surely

the chickiest chick I ever saw and I

could have loved her even if her

dad had been a mucker instead of a

mine owner. She was some dresser,

too; had on one of those new tango

dresses made "day-colla-tay" with a

bit of white lace beneath the slit

which made "rubbering" just moder-

ate.

After the introductions my friend

and his wife excused themselves and

we were left alone.

Gee whiz! She was a dream all

right, all right, and her very beauty

made my head fairly dizzy. I did

not know what to do or what I

should say. I was completely flit-

tered, but fate was kind and she

"broke the ice" by saying:

"Have you resided in Tonopah

very long?"

"About seven years," I replied.

"I presume you are mining, Mr.

Kid?" she said.

"Oh, yes," I said, "I'm mining but

not the way you think I am." I of

course said the latter under my

breath.

After a short discussion of mining

the conversation ran to books. I

was lost. She asked me if I had

read this and that, and of course I

was compelled to acknowledge that

I had not. She said she had just

finished "Gibbons' History of Rome"

in two volumes and enjoyed it im-

mensely. If she had only mentioned

the Miners Magazine, the Appeal to

Treason or some of that Karl Marx

junk which the Socialists are so free-

ly distributing around the mines and

boarding houses, I could have held

my own, but the discussion of books

by such men as Hawthorne, Steven-

son and Gibbons was too deep, and

as the "Cousin Jack" would say,

"Never heard tell of 'em fore," ex-

cepting I knew two fellows once

named Gibbons. One of them was

Bert Gibbons, the lawyer who used

to be in Tonopah and whom every

one remembers because of his close